

THE

(3)

Fairy-Queen:

AN

OPERA.

Represented at the

Queen's-Theatre

By Their

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judges-Head*,
in *Chancery-Lane*. 1692.

Where you may have compleat Sets of *Mr. Dryden's Works* in four Volumes ; the
Plays in the order they were Written,

THE

Fairy-Queen

OPERA

Queen's Theatre

MAJESTY'S SERVANTS

Printed by James Smith at the Queen's Theatre

London

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THE PREFACE.

TIS known to all who have been any considerable time in Italy, or France, how Opera's are esteem'd among 'em. That France borrow'd what she has from Italy, is evident from the *Andromede* and *Toison D'or*, of Monsieur Corneille, which are the first in the kind they ever had, on their publick Theaters; they being not perfect Opera's, but Tragedies, with Singing, Dancing, and Machines interwoven with 'em, after the manner of an Opera. They gave 'em a tast first, to try their Palats, that they might the better Judge whether in time they would be able to digest an entire Opera. And Cardinal Richelieu (that great Encourager of Arts and Learning) introduc'd 'em first at his own Expence, as I have been informed amongst 'em.

What encouragement Seignior Baptist Lully had from the present King of France, is well known; they being first set out at his own Expence; and all the Ornaments given by the King, for the Entertainment of the People. In Italy, especially at Venice, where Opera's have the greatest Reputation, and where they have 'em every Carnival, the Noble Venetians set 'em out at their own cost. And what a Confluence of People the fame of 'em draw from all parts of Italy to the great profit of that City, is well known to every one who has spent a Carnival there. And many of the English Gentry are sensible what advantage Paris receives, by the great number of Strangers which frequent the Opera's three days in a Week, throughout the Tear. If therefore an Opera were established here, by the Favour of the Nobility and Gentry of England; I may modestly conclude it would be some advantage to London, considering what a Sum we must Tearly lay out among Tradesmen for the fitting out so great a work.

That Sir William Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes* was the first Opera we ever had in England, no Man can deny; and is indeed a perfect Opera: there being this difference only between an Opera and a Tragedy; that the one is a Story sung with proper Action, the other spoken. And he must be a very ignorant Player, who knows not there is a Musical Cadence in speaking; and that a Man

The Preface.

may as well speak out of Tune, as sing out of Tune. And though few are so nice to examine this, yet all are pleas'd when they hear it justly perform'd. 'Tis true, the Siege of Rhodes wanted the Ornament of Machines, which they value themselves so much upon in Italy. And the Dancing which they have in such perfection in France. That he design'd this, if his first attempt met with the Encouragement it deserv'd, will appear from these Lines in his Prologue.

But many Travellers here, as Judges, come
From *Paris, Florence, Venice*, and from *Rome*.
Who will describe, when any Scene we draw,
By each of ours, all that they ever saw.
Those praising for extensive breadth and height,
And inward distance to deceive the sight.—

And a little after——

Ah Mony, Mony ! if the Wits would dress
With Ornaments the present face of Peace :
And to our Poet half that Treasure spare,
Which Faction gets from Fools to nourish War.
Then his contracted Scenes should wider be,
And move by greater Engines ; till you see
(While you securely sit) fierce Armies meet,
And raging Seas disperse a fighting Fleet.

That a few private Persons should venture on so expensive a Work as an Opera, when none but Princes, or States exhibit 'em abroad, I hope is no Dishonour to our Nation : And I dare affirm, if we had half the Encouragement in England, that they have in other Countries, you might in a short time have as good Dancers in England as they have in France, though I despair of ever having as good Voices among us, as they have in Italy. These are the two great things which Travellers say we are most deficient in. If this happens to please, we cannot reasonably propose to our selves any great advantage, considering the mighty Charge in setting it out, and the extraordinary expence that attends it every day 'tis represented. If it deserves their Favour ? if they are satisfied we venture boldly, doing all we can to please 'em ? We hope the English are too generous not to encourage so great an undert. king.

THE PROLOGUE.

W*Hat have we left untry'd to please this Age,
To bring it more in liking with the Stage?
We sunk to Farce, and rose to Comedy;
Gave you high Rants, and well-writ Tragedy.
Yet Poetry, of the Success afraid,
Call'd in her Sister Musick to her aid.
And, lest the Gallery should Diversion want,
We had Cane Chairs to Dance 'em a Courant.*

*But that this Play may in its Pomp appear;
Pray let our Stage from thronging Beaux be clear.
For what e're cost we're at, what e're we do,
In Scenes, Dress, Dances; yet there's many a Beau,*

*Will think himself a much more taking show.
How often have you curs'd these new Beau-screens,
That stand betwixt the Audience and the Scenes?*

*I ask'd one of 'em t'other day—Pray, Sir,
Why d'ye the Stage before the Box prefer?
He answer'd—Oh! there I Ogle the whole Theatre,
My Wig—my Shape, my Leg, I there display,
They speak much finer things than I can say.*

*These are the Reasons why they croud the Stage;
And make the disappointed Audience rage.*

*Our Business is, to study how to please,
To Tune the Mind to its expected ease.*

*And all that we expect, is but to find,
Equal to our Expence, the Audience kind.*

THE

The Names of the Persons.

THE Duke.

Egeus, Father to *Hermia*.

Lysander, in Love with *Hermia*.

Demetrius, in Love with *Hermia*, and Betroth'd to *Helena*.

Hermia, in Love with *Lysander*.

Helena, in Love with *Demetrius*.

The Fairies.

Oberon, King of the Fairies.

Titania, the Queen.

Robin-Good-Fellow.

Fairies.

The Comedians.

Bottom the Weaver, *Quince* the Carpenter, *Sung* the Joyner,
Flute the Bellows-mender, *Snout* the Tinker, and *Starveling*
the Taylor.

Singers and Dancers in the Second Act.

Fairy-Spirits, *Night*, *Mystery*, *Secresie*,
Sleep, and their Attendants, Singers, and Dancers.

Singers in the Third Act.

Nymphs, *Coridon*, and *Mopsa*; with a Chorus of *Fawns*, and
Naiads, with *Woodmen*, and *Hay-makers* Dancers.

Singers and Dancers in the Fourth Act.

Spring, *Summer*, *Autumn*, *Winter*, and their Attendants, *Phæ-*
bus: A Dance of the four Seasons.

Singers and Dancers in the Fifth Act.

Juno, *Chinese Men* and *Women*.

A Chorus of *Chineses*.

A Dance of 6 *Monkeys*.

An Entry of a *Chinese Man* and *Woman*.

A Grand Dance of 24 *Chineses*.

THE Fairy-Queen.

ACT I. SCENE, *A Palace.*

Enter Duke and Attendants at one door. Egeus, Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius at the other.

Du. **N**ow, good *Egeus*, what's the News with thee?
Eg. Full of Vexation come I, and Complaint,
Against my Child, my Daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth *Demetrius*, my Gracious Lord,

This Man has my Consent to Marry her.
Stand forth, *Lyfander*; this, most Noble Duke,
This, has Bewitch'd the Bosom of my Child.
Thou, thou *Lyfander*, thou hast given her Spells,
In Bracelets of thy Hair, Rings, Locketts, Verses.
(Arts that prevail on unexperienc'd Youth)
With cunning thou hast stoln my Daughter's Heart.
Turn'd her Obedience (which is due to me)
To Stubborness: If therefore, (Royal Sir)
My Daughter does not here before your Grace,
Consent to Marry with *Demetrius*,
Let the stern Law punish her Disobedience,
And Cage her in a Nunnery.

Du. Be advis'd, Fair *Hermia*,
To you your Father should be as a God,
The Maker of those Beauties; yes, and one
To whom you are but as a Form in Wax,
By him Imprinted, and within his Pow'r,

To leave the Figure, or to race it out.

Her. O would my Father look'd but with my Eyes.

Du. No, no; your Eyes must with his Judgment look.

Her. Let me intreat you, Sir, to Pardon me.

I know not by what Power I am made bold,

Nor how it may concern my Modesty,

In such a Presence to unfold my thoughts.

But I beseech your Grace, that I may know

The worst that may befall me in this case,

If I refuse to Wed *Demetrius*.

Du. You must Abjure

For ever the Society of Men.

Therefore, Fair *Hermia*, question your Desires,

Know of your Youth, examine well your Blood,

Whether (if you refuse your Father's Choice)

You can indure the Habit of a Nun,

To be immur'd for ever in a Cloister.

Her. Is there no Mean? No other Choice, my Lord?

Du. None, *Hermia*, none.

Therefore prepare to be Obedient,

Or like a Rose to wither on the Tree.

Consider well; take till to morrow Morning,

And give me then your Resolution.

De. Relent, sweet *Hermia*; and *Lysander* yield
Your doubtful Title, to my certain right.

Ly. You have her Father's Love, *Demetrius*,
Let me have *Hermia's*; Marry, marry him.

Eg. Scornful *Lysander*, true he has my Love.
And what is mine my Love shall render him;
And she is mine, and all my right in her
I give, and settle on *Demetrius*.

Ly. I am, my Lord, as Nobly Born, as he;
My Fortune's every way as great as his.

And (without boast) my Love is more than his.

But what is more than all these boasts can be,

I am Belov'd of Beautilous *Hermia*.

Why should this Faithless Man Invade my Right?

He who solicited Old *Nedar's* Daughter,

And won her Love; The Beautilous *Hellena*,

Tho' she's neglected; she poor Lady doth

Upon

Upon this spotted and inconstant Man.

Du. 'Tis true, *Lyfander*, I have heard as much,
Hermia, resolve to be obedient.

Or, as the Law ordains it, you must take
An everlasting Farewel of the World.

To Morrow in the Morning give your answer: so farewell.

[*Ex. all but Her. and Ly.*]

Ly. O my true *Hermia*! I have never found
By Observation, nor by History,
That Lovers run a smooth, and even course:
Either they are unequal in their Birth——

Her. O cross too high to be impos'd on Love!

Ly. Or if there be a Simpathy in choice,
War, Sicknes, or pale Death lay Siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as the Lightning in the blackest night;
That at one Instant thews both Heav'n and Earth.
Yet e'er a man can say, behold the Flame,
The jaws of darkness have devour'd it up;
So quick even brightest things run to Confusion.

Her. If then true Lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as a Decree in Destiny.
Then let us teach each other Patience,
Because it is a customary thing.

Ly. 'Tis well advis'd, my *Hermia*,
Pray hear me. I have an Aunt, a Widow,
She has no Child, and is extreamly rich;
She chose me, loves me, bred me as her Son,
Has setled all her Fortune upon me.
To her we'll fly; and there, (my sweetest *Hermia*)
There (if you give consent) I'll marry you.
And thither this Inhuman, Cruel Law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal from thy Father's House this very night,
And in the Wood, a mile without the Town,
Near the great spreading Oak, I'll stay for thee,
And at some little distance from that place
Have all things ready to convey thee thence.

Her. Oh my *Lyfander*!
I swear to thee by *Cupid's* strongest Bow,

By his best Arrow with the Golden Head,
 By all the Oaths which ever Men have broke,
 (In number more than ever Women spoke)
 I will, where thou appoint'st, meet my *Lyfander*.

Ly. Enough, my Love: look here comes *Hellena*.

Enter Hellena.

Her. Welcome, fair *Hellena*.

Hel. You mock me, *Hermia*, when you call me fair;
 'Tis you are fair, 'tis you *Demetrius* loves;
 Sickneſs is catching, oh were Beauty ſo,
 I'd catch your Graces, *Hermia*, e'er I go;
 My Ear ſhould catch your Voice, my Eye your Eye,
 My Tongue ſhould catch your Tongue's ſweet Harmony.
 O teach me how you look, and with what art
 You charm and govern my *Demetrius's* Heart?

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.

Hel. Oh that your frowns could teach my ſmiles ſuch Skill!

Her. 'I give him Curſes, when he gives me Love.

Hel. Oh that my Prayers could ſuch Affection move!

Her. His Folly, *Hellena*, is none of mine.

Hel. No, 'tis your Beauty; wou'd that Fault were mine.

Her. Take comfort, he no more ſhall ſee my Face.

Ly. To you, fair *Hellena*, we'll diſcloſe our minds.
 This very night, when *Luna* does behold
 Her Silver Viſage in the Watry Glaſs,
 Decking with liquid Pearl the bladed Graſs,
 (A time propitious to unhappy Lovers)
 We from this curſed Town will ſteal away.

Her. And in the Wood, where often you and I
 Upon faint Primroſe Beds have laid us down,
 Emptying our Boſoms of our ſecret thoughts.
 There my *Lyfander* and my ſelf ſhall meet
 To ſeek new Friends, new Habitations.

Ly. Madam, farewell. O may the Pow'rs above
 Make *Hellen* happy in *Demetrius's* Love.

[Exeunt Lyfander and Hermia.]

Hel. Oh why ſhould ſhe be more belov'd than I?
 My Beauty is as much extol'd as hers:

Exit

But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so;
 He will not see that which all others do.
 Love looks not with the Eyes, but with the Mind,
 Therefore the God of Love is painted blind.
 Love never had of Judgment any Taste;
 Wings, and no Eyes, must figure thoughtless Haste.
 For the same reason Love is call'd a Child,
 Because so often in his choice beguil'd.
 As Boys ev'n at their Sports themselves forswear;
 So the Boy Love is perjur'd every where.
 Before *Demetrius* saw fair *Hermia's* Eyes,
 He swore his Heart was made my Beauty's Prize.
 But when from *Hermia* new heat he felt,
 His frozen Oaths did in an Instant melt.
 I'll to *Demetrius*, tell him of their flight,
 The place they meet at by the Moon's pale light:
 Then to the Wood he will pursue the Maid;
 And if he thanks me, I am overpaid.

[Exit.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Foyner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Qu. Is all our Company here?

Bo. You had best call 'em generally, Man by Man, according to the Scrip.

Qu. Here is the Scrowl of every Man's Name, who is thought fit through all the Town to play in our Enterlude before the Duke, at the Marriage of *Lysander* and *Hermia*, or *Demetrius* and *Hermia*, no matter which.

Bo. First, *Peter Quince*, say what the Play treats on; then read the Names of the Actors, and so go on to appoint the Parts.

Qu. Marry, our Play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruel Death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bo. A very good piece of work, and a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth the Actors. Masters spread your selves.

Qu. Answer as I call you. *Nick Bottom the Weaver.*

Bo. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Qu. You *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*.

Bo. What is *Pyramus*? a Lover, or a Tyrant?

Lu. A Lover that kills himself most Gallantly for Love.

Bo. That

Bo. That will ask some tears in the true performance of it. If I do it, let the Ladies look to their Eyes; I will move stones. I will condole in some measure. [*To the rest.*] yet my chief humour is for a Tyrant, I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to make all split. The raging Rocks, and shivering Shocks, shall break the Locks of Prison-Gates; and *Phæbus* Carr shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish Fates. This was *Lofty*. Now name the rest of the Players, *This is Ercle's vain, a Tyrant's vain, a Lover's is more condoling.*

Qu. *Francis Flute* the Bellows-mender.

Fl. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. You must take *Thisbe* on you.

Fl. What is *Thisbe*? A wandring Knight?

Qu. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Fl. Nay faith, let not me play a Woman, I have a beard come.

Qu. That's all one, you shall play it in a Mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bo. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbe* too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, *Thisbe, Thisbe*; ah! *Pyramus*, my Lover dear, and *Thisbe* dear, and Lady dear.

Qu. No, no, you must play *Pyramus*, and I'll play *Thisbe*, and *Flute*, *Thisbe's* Father.

Bo. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

St. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisbe's* Mother. *Tom Snout* the Tinker.

Sn. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. You, *Pyramus's* Father: *Snug* the Joyner, you the Lion's part, and I hope there is a Play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lion's part written? Pray if it be, give it me, for I am slow of Study.

Qu. You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bo. Let me play the Lion too, I will roar that it will do any Man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the Duke say, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Qu. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Ladies, and they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

Al. I, I, that would hang every Mothers Son of us.

Bo. I grant you friends, if I should fright the Ladies out of their wits, they might have no more discretion but to hang us, but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking Dove; I will roar you as 'twere any Nightingale.

Qu. You can play no part but *Pyramus*; for *Pyramus* is a sweet fac'd Youth, as proper a Man as one shall see in a Summers Day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus*.

Bo. I will undertake it then. But hark you, *Peter Quince*.

Qu. What say'st thou, *Bully Bottom*?

Bo. There are things in this Comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, will never please; first, *Pyramus* must draw a Sword to kill himself, which the Ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snug. *Berlaken*, a parlous fear.

Sta. I believe we must leave killing out, when all's done.

Bo. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well; write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue say we will do no harm with our Swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for the better assurance, tell 'em that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Nick Bottom* the Weaver, and that will put 'em out of all fear.

Qu. Well, we will have such a Prologue.

Sno. Will not the Ladies be afraid of the Lion?

Sta. I promise you I fear it.

Bo. Masters; you ought to confider with your selves. To bring in. (God bless us) a Lion among Ladies, is a most dreadful thing! for there is not a more fearful Wild-fowl than the Lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snug. Therefore we must have another Prologue to tell 'em he is not a Lion.

Bo. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen thro' the Lion's neck, and he himself must speak thro' it, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would intreat you, nor to fear, nor to tremble, my life for yours: if you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no such thing, I am a Man as other Men are. And there indeed

indeed let him Name his Name, and tell 'em plainly he is *Snug* the Joyner.

Qu. Well, it shall be so. But there are two hard things in our Comedy, to bring the Moon-shine into a Chamber, for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* met by Moon-light.

Snug. Does the Moon shine that Night we play our Play?

Bo. A Callender, a Callender. Look in the Almanack; find out Moon-shine, find out Moon-shine.

Fl. Yes, it does Shine that Night.

Bo. Why then you may leave a Casement of the great Hall Window (where we play our Play) open, and the Moon may shine in at the Casement.

Qu. Or else, one may come in with a Bush of Thorns, and a Lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the Person of Moon-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a Wall in the great Room; for *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, (as says the Story) did talk thro' the chink of a Wall.

Sta. You can never bring in a Wall. What say you *Bottom*?

Bo. Some Man or other must present Wall, and let him have some Plaster, and some Lome, and some rough-cast about him, to signifie Wall; and let him hold his Fingers thus, and thro' that Cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* whisper.

Qu. If that may be, then all's well; here my Masters, here are your Parts; and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to Con 'em against Night, and meet in the Palace-Wood, a Mile without the Town, by Moon-light; there we will Rehearse; for if we meet in the City, we shall be dogg'd with Company, and our Devices known; in the mean time, I will get your Properties ready, and all your Habits, that every Man may Dress, to Act it in Form; and pray fail me not.

Bo. We will meet, and there we may Rehearse more obscenely, and couragiously. Take pains, and be perfect. Adieu.

Qu. At the Duke's Oak we meet.

All. Enough, enough.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T. II.

SCENE a Wood, by Moon-light.

Enter a Fairy at one door, Robin Goodfellow at the other.

Ro. **T**ell me *Fairy*, where's our Queen?

And where have you been wandering?

Fa. Over Hill, over Dale, thro' Bush, thro' Bryer,
Over Park, over Pale, thro' Flood, thro' Fire,
I wander swifter than the Moon's bright Sphere.

I serve the Mighty *Fairy-Queen*,
Sprinkle her Circles on the Green.

The Cowslips tall, her Pentioners be;
Spots in their Gold-Coats you see.

Those be Rubies, Fairy-Favours,
In those freckles-live their favours;

I must gather Dew-drops here,
And hang a Pearl in every Cowslips Ear.

Farewell Lob-Spirit, I'll be gone,
The Queen and all her Elves come here anon.

Ro. The King will keep his Revels here to Night,
Take heed the Queen comes not within his Sight.

For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she for her Attendant hath
A Lovely Boy, stoln from an *Indian King*,
She never had so fair a Changeling.

The Jealous *Oberon* would have the Child,
But she perforce with-holds the Lovely Boy.
And now they never meet in Grove, or Green,
By Fountain, or by Star-light, are they seen:
But as they quarrel, all their Elves for fear,
Creep into Acorn-Cups, and hide 'em there.

Fa. Either I mistake your shape, and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd, and Knaveish Spright,
Call'd *Robin Good-Fellow*; are you not he
Fright Village-Maids and pinch each Sluttish she?

C

Skim

The Fairy-Queen.

Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern,
 And bootless make the breathless Huswife Chern?
 And sometimes make the Drink to bear no Barm?
 Mislead Night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and kind Puck,
 You sweep their Houses, send 'em all good luck;
 Are you not he?

Rob. Yes, yes, thou speak'st aright,
 I am that Merry Wanderer of the Night.
 I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile.
 Sometimes I hide me in a Gossips Bowl,
 Just in the likeness of a Roasted Crab;
 And when she drinks, against her Lips I bob;
 And on her wither'd Dew-lap pour the Ale,
 The wisest Wife, telling the saddest Tale.
 She for a Three-leg'd Stool mistaketh me,
 Then slip I from her Bum, down toples she.
 Look yonder, *Fairy*, here comes *Oberon*!

Fa. *Titania* meets him, would we two were gone.

Enter Oberon, and Train at one Door. Titania, and her Train at the other.

Ob. Now proud *Titania* I shall find your Haunts.

Tit. What, Jealous *Oberon*! Fairies away,
 I have forsworn his Bed, and Company.

Ob. Tarry, rash Woman, am not I thy Lord?

Tit. And am not I your Lady too? Remember
 When you did steal away from *Fairy-Land*,
 And in the shape of *Corin* sat all day
 Playing on Oaten-Pipes, and Singing Love
 To Amorous *Philida*. Why are you here
 Come from the farthest Verge of India?
 But that some Lusty Pair, some Wedding's near,
 And you must Sport, and Revel with the Bride,
 And give their Bed Joy and Prosperity.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame, *Titania*,
 Reflect on my past scapes? when well thou know'st,
 I have pursu'd you to this very place,
 Where you retir'd, to Wanton with a Boy

You

You lately stole from a Fair *Indian*.

Tit. These are the Forgeries of Jealousie.
And never since the middle of the Summer,
Met we on Hill, or Dale, Forrest, or Mead,
By Streaming Fountain, or by Rushy Brook,
Or on the beached Margent of the Sea,
To Dance in Circles to the Whistling Wind;
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our Sport.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you;
Why should *Titania* cross her *Oberon*?
I only beg a little Changling Boy,
Give me him, we are Friends.

Tit. Let this suffice,
All *Fairy-Land* buys not the Child of me:
His Mother was a Votress of my Order,
And for her sake I breed the pretty Boy,
And for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this Wood mean you to stay?

Tit. 'Till you have Grac'd your Lover's Nuptial Day.
If you will patiently Dance in our Round,
And see our Midnight Revels, go with us;
If not, avoid my Haunts, as I will yours.

Ob. Give me the Boy, and I will go with you.

Tit. Not for the Wealth of *India*, come away.
We chide down-right, if I should longer stay.

[Exit Tit. and Train.

Ob. Well, go thy ways, thou shalt not from this Grove,
'Till I Torment thee for this Injury.

My gentle Puck come hither, thou remembrest
Since when I sat upon a Promontory,
And heard a Mearmaid, on a Dolphin's back,
Sing with such Sweet, with such Harmonious breath,
That the Rude Sea grew Civil at her Song,
And Twinkling Stars shot madly from their Sphears,
To hear the Sea-Maid's Musick.

Rob. I well remember it.

Ob. That very time I say (thou couldst not see it)
Flying between the cold Moon, and the Earth,
I saw young *Cupid* in the Mid-way hanging,
At a Fair Vestal Virgin taking aim;

Let flye his Love-Shaft smartly from his Bow,
 As it would pierce a hundred thousand Hearts:
 But when it came beneath the watty Moon,
 The Chast Beams of *Diana* quench'd its heat,
 And the Imperial Virgin pass'd on,
 In Maiden Meditation, free from harm.

Rob. What's this to me?

Ob. Observe me, *Puck.*

I look'd, and mark'd the place where the Bolt fell;
 It fell upon a little western Flower,
 Before Milk white, now Purple, with Love's wound,
 And Maidens call it, *Love in Idleness*:
 Fetch me that Flower, thou know'st I shew'd it thee.
 The juice of it on Sleeping Eye-lids laid,
 Will make a Man or Woman madly Dote
 Upon the next Live Creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this Herb, go, and be here again,
 E'er the *Leviathan* can swim a League.

Rob. I'll compass the whole Earth in forty minutes. [Exit.

Ob. When I have this Juice,
 I'll find *Titania* where she lies asleep,
 And drop some of the Liquor in her Eyes.
 The next Live Thing she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on Lion, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull,
 The meddling Monkey, or the busie Ape)
 She shall (with all the eagerness of Love)
 Pursue; and e're I take the Charm away,
 (As I can take it with another Herb)
 I'll make her render up her Page to me.
 But who comes here? I am invisible;
 I'll stay and over-hear their Conference.

— Enter *Demetrius*, and *Helena* following him.

Dem. Why do you follow him who Loves you not?
 Where is *Lyfander*? and Fair *Hermia*?
 You told me they were stoln into this Wood.
 I seek, but cannot find her. Hence, be gone.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Admant;
 And yet I am not Iron, yet you draw me.

De. Do I intice you? do I speak you fair?
I rather tell you an ill-manner'd Truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you.

Hel. And even for that I love *Demetrius* more.
Ah! what am I reduc'd to? like a Spannel,
The more you beat, the more I fawn on you.
Use me most barbarously, strike me, spurn me,
Neglect me, scorn me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

De. You throw a scandal on your Modesty,
To leave the City, and commit your self
Into the hands of one who loves you not:
To trust the opportunity of Night,
And the ill Counsel of a Desert place,
With the rich purchase of your Virgin Treasure.

Hel. Your Virtue is my Guard, *Demetrius*:
It is not night when I behold that Face,
Nor can this Wood want Worlds of Company,
For you, my Love, are all the World to me,
Then how can I be said to be alone,
When all the World is here to guard my Virtue.

De. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the Brakes,
And leave thee to the Mercy of Wild Beasts.

Hel. The wildest Beast has not a Heart like you:
Run when you will, the Story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, *Daphne* pursues the God;
The Dove chases the Vulture; the mild Hind
Makes haste to catch the Tyger; preposterous Chace,
When Cowardise pursues, and Valour flies.

De. Plague me no more, return e'er 'tis too late.
Follow me not, for fear my Rage should tempt me
To some unmanly Act, and mischief thee. [Ex. *De.*

Hel. Ay, in the Temple, in the Town, and Field,
You do me mischief every where, *Demetrius*:
Such Wrongs will be a scandal to your Sex.
I'll follow if he rids me of my Woe,
I'll kiss the hand that gives the fatal blow. [Ex. *Hel.*

Ob. Poor Nymph, farewell. Before he leaves this Grove
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy Love.

Enter Robin-Good-Fellow.

Welcome my Puck; hast thou the Flow'r ?

Rob. 'Tis here.

Ob. Give it me Puck.

I know there is a bank where wild Time blows,
Where Ox-lips, and the nodding Violet grows,
All over Canopied with Woodbine sweet,
Where Eglantine, and where Musk-Roses meet.
There my *Titania* Sleeps, lull'd in Delights,
And tyr'd in Dancing with her Fairy Sprights.
'Tis there the Snake casts her Enammell'd skin,
Too large a Robe to cloathe a Fairy in.
There with this wondrous Juice I'll streak her Eyes.
Take some of it ; you'll find within this Grove,
A most *Unhappy Nymph*, who is in Love
With a disdainful Youth ; anoint his Eyes ;
But do it, that the next thing he espies
May be that Lady ; thou shalt know the Man,
By the Embroider'd Garment he has on.
Do it, and meet me at the Crystal Lake.

Rob. I will ; and bring the Nymph when he shall wake.

Ob. What different Passions in her Soul will move ?
To see his former Hatred, turn'd to Love. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Titania, and her Train.

Tit. Take Hands, and trip it in a round,
While I Consecrate the ground.
All shall change at my Command,
All shall turn to *Fairy-Land*.

The Scene changes to a Prospect of Grotto's, Arbors, and delightful Walks : The Arbors are Adorn'd with all variety of Flowers, the Grotto's supported by Terms, these lead to two Arbors on either side of the Scene, of a great length, whose prospect runs toward the two Angles of the House. Between these two Arbors is the great Grotto, which is continued by several Arches, to the farther end of the House.

Now

Now *Fairies* search, search every where,
Let no Unclean thing be near.
Nothing Venomous, or Foul,
No *Raven*, *Bat*, or hooting *Owle*.
No *Toad*, nor *Elf*, nor *Blind-worm's* Sting.
No Poisonous Herb in this place Spring.
Have you search'd? is no ill near?

All. Nothing, nothing; all is clear.

Tit. Let your Revels now begin,
Some shall Dance, and some shall Sing.
All Delights this place furround,
Every sweet Harmonious Sound,
That e're Charm'd a skilful Ear,
Meet, and Entertain us here.
Let *Eccho's* plac'd in every Grot,
Catch, and repeat each Dying Note.

A P R E L U D E.

Then the First S O N G.

C Ome all ye Songsters of the Sky,
Wake, and Assemble in this Wood;
But no ill-boding Bird be nigh,
None but the Harmless and the Good.

May the God of Wit inspire,
The Sacred Nine to bear a part;
And the Blessed Heavenly Quire,
Shew the utmost of their Art.
While *Eccho* shall in sounds remote,
Repeat each Note,
Each Note, each Note.

Chorus.

May the God, &c.

Now

Now joyn your Warbling Voices all,
Sing while we trip it on the Green;
But no ill Vapours rise or fall,
Nothing offend our *Fairy Queen*.

Chorus.

Sing while we trip, &c.

*At the end of the first Stanza, a Composition of
Instrumental Musick, in imitation of an Eccho.
Then a Fairy Dance.*

Tit. Come *Elves*, another Dance, and *Fairy Song*;
Then hence, and leave me for a while alone.
Some to kill *Kankers* in the *Musk-Rose-Buds*;
Some War with *Rere-mice* for their *Leathern Wings*,
To make my small *Elves* Coats. And some keep back
The clamorous *Owl*, that hoots, and wonders at us.
Each knows her Office. Sing me now to Sleep;
And let the *Sentinels* their *Watches* keep. *[She lyes down.]*

2. S O N G.

Enter Night, Myſtery, Secrefie, Sleep; and their Attendants.

Night Sings.

Ni. **S**Ee, even *Night* her ſelf is here,
To favour your *Deſign*;
And all her Peaceful Train is near,
That Men to Sleep incline.
Let Noife and Care,
Doubt and Deſpair,

Envy

Envy and Spight,
(The Fiends delight)
Be ever Banish'd hence.
Let soft Repose,
Her Eye-lids close;
And murmuring Streams,
Bring pleasing Dreams;
Let nothing stay to give offence.
See, even *Night*, &c.

Myf. I am come to lock all fast,
Love without me cannot last.
Love, like Counsels of the Wise,
Must be hid from Vulgar Eyes.
'Tis holy, and we must conceal it,
They profane it, who reveal it.
I am come, &c.

Se. One charming Night
Gives more delight,
Than a hundred lucky Days.
Night and I improve the taste,
Make the pleasure longer last,
A thousand thousand several ways.
Make the pleasure, &c.

Sl. Hush, no more, be silent all,
Sweet Repose has clos'd her Eyes.
Soft as feather'd Snow does fall!

D

Softly,

The Fairy-Queen.

Softly, softly, steal from hence.
 No noise disturb her sleeping fence.
 Rest till the Rosie Morn's uprise.

Chorus. Hush, no more, &c.

A Dance of the Followers of Night.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou see'st when thou dost wake,
 For thy Lover thou must take,
 Sigh, and Languish, for his sake.
 Be it Ounce, or Wolf, or Bear,
 Pard, or Boar with bristl'd Hair,
 In thy Eye what first appear,
 Make that Beastly thing thy Dear,
 Wake, when some vile Creature's near.

[*Ex. Ob.*

Enter Lysander, and Hermia.

Ly. You faint, my Sweet, with wandring in the Wood,
 I fear, my *Hermia*, we mistook our way.
 Let us lye down, and rest, if you think good,
 And tarry for the comfort of the Day.

Her. Let it be so, *Lysander*,
 Go, lay thee down; and so good-night, dear Friend,
 Our Loves ne're alter, till our Lives shall end.

Ly. Amen to that sweet Pray'r, my Charming Love.
 May my Life end, when I inconstant prove..

[*They lye down at a distance.*

Enter Robin-Good-Fellow.

Rob. Through the Forrest I have gone,
 But a Stranger find I none,
 With Embroider'd Garment on;

On

On whose Eyes I might approve,
This Flowr's force in Moving Love.
Night, and silence ! who is here ?
He does such a Garment wear.
This is he, my Master said,
Scorn'd and despis'd the lovely Maid.
Here's the Virgin sleeping sound,
On the *Dank*, and dewy Ground.
Churl, upon thy Eyes I throw,
All the pow'r this Charm does owe.
At the first Cock wake, and spy,
She who Loves thee very nigh.
Farewel Lovers, I am gone ;
I must now to *Oberon*,

[*Exit.*

D 2

ACT

A C T III.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I Am out of breath with following him so fast,

O happy *Hermia*, wheresoe'er she is!

How her attractive Eyes still draw him on!

How came her Eyes so bright? not with salt tears;

If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.

Ha! who lies here? *Lysander* on the Ground!

I hope he is not dead! *Lysander*, speak.

[*Ly. wakes.*

Ly. Ha, *Helena*! fairest of all Womankind!

More lovely than the *Grecian* Beauty was,

Who drew so many Kings to wed her Cause.

Ah, false *Demetrius*! when e'er we meet,

This Sword shall punish thy Ingratitude.

Hel. O say not so, *Lysander*! though he loves

Your Mistress, kill him not; pray be content,

Be satisfy'd, your *Hermia* loves you still.

Ly. Content with *Hermia*! no, I now repent

Each tedious minute I have spent with her.

'Tis *Helena*, not *Hermia*, I love:

Who wou'd not change a Raven for a Dove?

No growing things are ripe before their Season;

Time and Experience only ripens Reason.

When I saw *Hermia* first, I was unripe,

Raw, green, and unacquainted with the World;

But time and you have taught me better Skill,

For now my Reason over-rules my Will.

I find new Charms when on your Eyes I look,

And read Love's Stories in Love's fairest Book.

Hel. What spiteful Planet reign'd when I was born?

What have I done deserves this Mockery?

But fare you well; I thought you better natur'd.

Must I, because I am by one refus'd,

Be by the rest of all Mankind abus'd!

[*Exit.*

Ly. She sees not *Hermia*. Sleep, sleep for ever;

Never come nearer to *Lysander* more.

For as a Surfeit of the sweetest things,

Creates a greater loathing in the Stomach.

Thou art my Surfeit, and I hate thee most:

O may I never, never see thee more;

Helen the Goddess I must now adore.

[*Ex. Ly.*

Her. Help me, *Lyfander*, quickly! help me here, [Her. wakes.

To pluck this crawling Serpent from my Breast:

Oh all ye Powers! what a Dream had I?

Methought a Serpent eat my Heart away,

And yet sat smiling at his cruel Prey:

Lyfander; what, remov'd? where are you? speak.

No sound! no word! O I shall die with fear!

Who are these coming hither? Let me fly!

My Fears will vanish, if *Lyfander's* nigh.

[*Ex. Her.*

Enter Bottom, Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Qu. All, all, and drest in the same Habits we intend to act in before the Duke; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our Rehearsal; this Plat shall be our Stage; behind these Trees our retiring Room: and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the whole Court.

Enter Robin-Good-Fellow.

Ro. What home-spun Fellows have we swagg'ring here, So near the Grotto of the Fairy-Queen?

Qu. Now every Man retire, and enter according to his Cue. Prologue, stand ready, you begin.

Ro. What, a Play toward? I'll be an Auditor; An Actor too, perhaps, as I see cause.

Enter Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good Will
That you should think we come not to offend:
But with good will to shew our simple Skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despight;
We do not come as minding to content you.

Our

Our true intent is all for your delight:
 We are not here that you should here repent you.
 The Actors are at hand, and by their show,
 You shall know all that you are like to know.

Bo. He has rid his Prologue like a rough Colt, he knows no stop: 'Tis not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Enter Wall.

Wall. In this same Interlude it doth befall,
 That I, *Starveling* (by name) present a Wall:
 And such a Wall as I would have you think,
 That had in it a crannied hole or chink.
 Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*,
 Did whisper often very secretly.
 This Loam, this Rough-cast, and this Stone doth show,
 That I am that same Wall, the Truth is so;
 And this the Cranny is, right and sinister,
 Through which the fearful Lovers are to whisper.

Ro. Who wou'd desire Lime and Hair to speak better? 'Tis the wittiest Partition I ever saw.

Enter Pyramus.

Py. O grim-look'd Night! a Night with hue so black!
 O night! which ever art when day is not!
 Oh night! oh night! alack! alack! alack!
 I fear my *Thisbe's* Promise is forgot.
 And thou, oh Wall; thou sweet and lovely Wall,
 That stands between her Father's Ground and mine,
 Shew me thy Chink to blink through with my eye.
 Thanks, courteous Wall, *Jove* shield thee well for this.
 But what see I? no *Thisbe* do I see:
 O wicked Wall, through whom I see no Bliss!
 Curst be thy Stones for thus deceiving me.

Ro. Methinks the Wall being sensible, shou'd curse again.

Bo. No, but he shou'd not: Deceiving me is *Thisbe's* Cue.
 Therefore hold your prating there.

Enter

Enter Thisbe.

Th. O Wall, full often hast thou heard my Moans;
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.

Py. I hear a Voice; now will I to the Chink,
To spy if I can see my *Thisbe's* Face. *Thisbe!*

Th. My Love thou art; my Love, I think.

Py. Think what thou wilt, I am thy Lover's Grace;
And like *Limander*, am I trusty still.

Th. And I like *Helen*, till the Fates me kill.

Py. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

Th. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Py. O kiss me through the Hole of this vile Wall.

Th. I kiss the Wall's Hole, not thy Lips at all.

Py. Wilt thou at *Ninny's* Tomb meet me straightway?

Th. Tide Life, tide Death; I come without delay.

[*Exeunt* *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* several ways.

Wall. Thus have I Wall, my part discharged so,
And being done, thus Wall away does go.

[*Ex.* *Wall.*

Enter *Lion* and *Moonshine*.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle Hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous Mouse that creeps on Floor)
May now perchance both quake and tremble here.
When *Lion* rough in wildest Rage doth roar,
Then know that I one *Snug* the Joyner am;
No *Lion* fell, nor else no *Lion's* Dam.
For if I shou'd as *Lion*, come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my Life.

Ro. Upon my word, a very gentle Beast.

Moon. This *Lanthorn* does the horned *Moon* present,
My self the Man i'th' *Moon* do seem to be.

Ro. Make an end, good *Moon-shine*.

Moon. All I have to say is to tell you, that the *Lanthorn* is
the *Moon*, I the Man in the *Moon*, this *Thorn-bush* my
Thorn-bush, and this *Dog* my *Dog*.

Enter

Enter Thisbe.

Th. This is old *Ninny's* Tomb; where is my Love?

Lion. Oa, Oa, Oa. [*Exit Thisbe running, the Lion after her.*]

Ro. Well roar'd Lion, and well run *Thisbe* too.

Enter Pyramus.

Py. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy Sunny Beams:
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright:
For by thy Gracious, Golden, Glittering Streams,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbe's* sight.

But slay. O spight!

But mark; poor Knight!

What dreadful dole is here?

Eyes do not see,

How can it be?

O dainty Duck! O dear!

Thy Mantle slain? what stain'd with Blood?

Approach, you Furies fell:

O Fates! come, come.

Cut, thread, and thrum,

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell.

Ro. If this wont move the Ladies, poor *Pyramus* will take pains to little purpose.

Py. O wherefore, Nature, did'st thou Lions frame?

Since Lion vile has here deflour'd my Dear.

Which is——no, no, which was the fairest Dame,

That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with chear,

Come Tears confound!

Out Sword, and wound

The Pap of *Pyramus*:

Ay, that left Pap,

Where Heart doth hop,

As Bird doth hop in Cage.

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead,

Now am I fled,

My Soul is in the Sky.

Tongue

Tongue lose thy light,
Eyes take your flight,
Now die, die, die, die.

Enter Thisbe.

Th. Asleep, my Love?
What dead, my Dove?
O *Pyramus* arise!
Speak, speak! quite dumb?
Dead, dead! a Tomb
Must cover my sweet Eyes.
These Lilly-Lips, this Cherry-Nose,
These yellow Cowslip-Cheeks,
Are gone, are gone,
Lovers make moan,
His Eyes are green as Leeks.
Tongue not a word,
Come trusty Sword,
Come Blade, my Breast imbrue.
Now farewell Friends,
Thus *Thisbe* ends,
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

They all come in.

Snout. Come, get up *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, and let me speak the Epilogue.

Ro. No, no; I'll be the Epilogue.

Robin runs in amongst them.

Qu. O monstrous! we are haunted!
Pray Masters; fly Masters.

All. Help, help, help!

Exeunt, running several ways.

Ro. I'll follow you;
I'll lead you such a round.

The Fairy-Queen.

Through Bog, through Bush, through Brake, through Brier ;
 Sometimes a Horse I'll be, sometimes a Hound ;
 A Hog, a headless Bear ; sometimes a Fire.
 And neigh, and grunt, and bark, and roar, and burn,
 Like Horse, Hog, Hound, Bear, Fire, at every turn. [Ex. Rob.

Enter Bottom, with an Afs's Head on.

Bot. Why do they run away ? This is a piece of Knavery
 among 'em, to make me afraid.

Enter Snout.

Sn. O *Bottom* ! Thou art chang'd.
 What's that I see on thee ?

Bot. What do you see ?
 You see an Afs-head of your own, that you see.

Enter Peter Quince.

Qu. Bless thee, *Bottom*, bless thee ! thou art translated.
 [Exeunt Snout and Quince.

Bot. I find their Knavery ; they would fain make an Afs of
 me, and fright me if they could. But I won't stir from this
 place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and
 I will sing, that they may hear I am not afraid.

S I N G S.

The *Woofel-Cock*, so black of hue,
 With Orange-tawny Bill ;
 The *Thrustle*, with his Note so true,
 The *Wren* with little Quill.

Titania wakes.

Tit. What Angel wakes me from my Flowry Bed ?

Bot.

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,
The One-tun'd Cuckow gray;
Whose Note most Married Men do mark,
And dare not answer, Nay.

For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a Bird? who
would give a Bird the lie, tho' he cry Cuckow never so often?

Tit. I pray thee, lovely Mortal, sing again:
My Ear is much enamour'd with thy Note.

My Eye is fix'd on thy Majestick Shape.

Oh, how thy Graces charm me! I am forc'd,

At the first sight to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, Mistress, you should have little Reason for that;
and yet to say Truth, Reason, and Love, keep little Company to-
gether now a days; the more the pity, that some honest Neighbour
will not make 'em Friends. Nay I can break a Jest on occasion.

Tit. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither; but if I had Wit enough to get out of
this Wood, I have enough to serve my own turn.

Tit. Out of this Wood never desire to go;
Here you shall stay whether you will or no
I'll purge your grossness, you shall never die,
But like an airy Spirit, you shall fly,
Where are my Fairy Spirits?

Enter 4 Fairies.

1 *Fa.* I am here.

2 *Fa.* And I. 3 *Fa.* And I. 4 *Fa.* And I.

All. What shall we do?

Tit. Attend this Charming Youth.

Dance as he walks, and gambole in his Eye.
Feed him with Apricocks, and Dew-berries;
With purple Grapes, ripe Figs, and Mulberries.
The Hony-Bags steal from the Humble-bees.
For his Night-Tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light 'em at the fiery Glow-worms Eyes.
And pluck the Wings from painted Butter-flies,
To fan the Moon-beams from his sleeping Eyes.

E. 2

Bow

Bow to him Elves, do Homage to my Love.

1 *Fa.* Hail, Mortal, hail.

2 *Fa.* Hail. 3 *Fa.* Hail. 4 *Fa.* Hail.

Tit. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my Bower.

The Moon, methinks, looks with a watry Eye;
And when she weeps, then every little Flower

Laments for some lost Virgin's Chastity:

Tye up my Love's Tongue; bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. By this time my *Titania* should be wak'd;
I long to know what came first to her Eye.

Enter Robin-Good-Fellow.

Here comes my Messenger. Welcome, mad Spright:
What pranks have you been playing in the Grove?

Rob. My Lady with a Monster is in love.

I led sweet *Pyramus* through the Fairy Pass,
And plac'd him just before the sleeping Queen;
She wak'd, and saw him, and straight lov'd the Ass,
His comly Visage, and his graceful Meen.

Ob. 'Tis as I wish'd (my Puck) but tell me now,
How fares the scornful Youth?

Rob. That's finish'd too.

I found 'em sleeping on a Bed of Brakes;
I streak'd his eyes, he sees her when he wakes.

Demetrius and Hermia cross the Stage.

Ob. Stand close, they come. Now hate her if you can.

Rob. This is the Woman, but not that the Man.

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the Juice on the true Lover's sight.

Rob. Then Fate o'er-rules; where one Man keeps his Troth,
A thousand fail, by breaking Oath on Oath.

Ob. About the Wood, go swifter than the Wind.
You shall the poor despairing *Pyramus* find;
By some Illusion train, and bring her here,
I'll charm his Eyes. And when the Damsel's near,

We'll

We'll wake *Demetrius*.

Rob. I go, I go,
Swift as an Arrow from a *Tartar's* Bow.

[*Ex. Rob.*

Enter Titania, Bottom, and Fairies.

Tit. Come, lovely Youth, sit on this flowry Bed,
While I thy amiable looks survey;
Garlands of *Roses* shall adorn thy Head,
A thousand *Sweets* shall melt themselves away,
To charm my Lover till the break of day.
Shall we have *Musick* sweet?

Bot. Yes, if you please.

Tit. Away, my *Elves*; prepare a *Fairy Mask*
To entertain my Love; and change this place
To my *Enchanted Lake*.

The Scene changes to a great Wood; a long row of large Trees on each side: A River in the middle: Two rows of lesser Trees of a different kind just on the side of the River, which meet in the middle, and make so many Arches: Two great Dragons make a Bridge over the River; their Bodies form two Arches, through which two Swans are seen in the River at a great distance.

Enter a Troop of Fawns, Dryades and Naides.

A Song in two Parts.

IF Love's a Sweet Passion, why does it torment?
If a Bitter, oh tell me whence comes my content?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my
(Heart.

I

I press her Hand gently, look Languishing down,
 And by Passionate Silence I make my Love known.
 But oh ! how I'm Blest when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her Love.

When in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
 And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dares
 (Name.

*While a Symphony's Playing, the two Swans come
 Swimming on through the Arches to the bank of
 the River, as if they would Land; there turn
 themselves into Fairies, and Dance; at the same
 time the Bridge vanishes, and the Trees that
 were Arch'd, raise themselves upright.*

*Four Savages Enter, fright the Fairies away, and
 Dance an Entry.*

Enter Coridon, and Mopsa.

Co. Now the Maids and the Men are making of Hay,
 We have left the dull Fools, and are stol'n away.

Then *Mopsa* no more

Be Coy as before,

But let us merrily, merrily Play,

And Kiss, and Kiss, the sweet time away.

Mo. Why how now, Sir *Clown*, how came you so bold?

I'd have you to know I'm not made of that mold.

I tell you again,

Maids must Kiss no Men.

No, no, no, no; no Kissing at all;

I'll

I'll not Kiss, till I Kiss you for good and all.

Co. No, no.

Mo. No, no.

Co. Not Kiss you at all.

Mo. Not Kiss, till you Kiss me for good and all.

Not Kiss, &c.

Co. Should you give me a score,

'Twould not lessen the store,

Then bid me chearfully, chearfully Kiss,

And take, and take, my fill of your Bliss.

Mo. I'll not trust you so far, I know you too well ;

Should I give you an Inch, you'd take a whole Ell.

Then Lordlike you Rule,

And laugh at the Fool.

No, no, &c.

A Song by a Nymph.

When I have often heard young Maids complaining,

That when Men promise most they most deceive,

Then I thought none of them worthy my gaining ;

And what they Swore, resolv'd ne're to believe.

But when so humbly he made his Addresses,

With Looks so soft, and with Language so kind,

I thought it Sin to refuse his Caresses ;

Nature o'recame, and I soon chang'd my Mind.

Should he employ all his wit in deceiving,

Stretch his Invention, and artfully feign ;

I find such Charms, such true Joy in believing,

I'll have the Pleasure, let him have the pain.

If he proves Perjur'd, I shall not be Cheated,
 He may deceive himself, but never me;
 'Tis what I look for, and shan't be defeated;
 For I'll be as false and inconstant, as he.

A DANCE of Hay-Makers.

After the DANCE

Chorus.

*A Thousand Thousand ways we'll find,
 To Entertain the Hours;
 No Two shall e're be known so kind,
 No Life so Blest as ours.*

Tit. Now I will Feast the Pallate of my Love,
 The Sea, the Air, the Earth I'll ransack for thee.
 Name all that Art or Nature e're produc'd,
 My Sprights shall fetch it instantly: O say
 What will you have to Eat?

Bo. A Peck of Provender, if your Honour please; I could
 munch some good dry Oats very heartily; I have a great ex-
 position of Sleep upon me, would some of your Attendants
 would shew me a necessary place for that same purpose.

Tit. I'll lead thee to a Bank strew'd o'er with Violets,
 With Jessamine, and cooling Orange Flowers,
 There I will fold thee in my tender Arms,
 As the sweet Woodbine, or the Female Ivy,
 Circles the Barky Body of the Elm.
 We'll Sport away the remnant of the Night,
 And all the World shall envy my Delight.

[*Exeunt.*]

A.CIT

A C T. IV.

Enter Oberon and Robin-Good-Fellow.

Ob. **I** Squeeze this Flower of Purple die,
Hit with *Cupid's* Archery,
On the Apple of his Eye;
When the mournful *Helen's* nigh,
She shall shine as gloriously,
As yonder *Venus* in the Sky.
Thou shalt wake when she is by,
And beg her pardon for thy Cruelty.

Rob. Lord of all the *Fairy-Land*,
All is done at thy Command;
Helena is here at hand,
And the Youth mistook by me,
Pleading for a Lover's Fee.
Shall we their fond Pageants see?
Lord, what Fools these Mortals be!

Ob. Be careful, or the noise they make
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Rob. Then will two one Damsel court,
That must needs be pleasant sport.
I am always pleas'd to see
Things fall out preposterously.

Enter Lyfander and Helena:

Ly. Why should think you that I would woo in scorn?
Scorn and Derision never come in Tears.
How can these watry Eyes seem Scorn to you?
Wearing Love's Livery to prove 'em true.

Hel. You but advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, 'tis the Devil's holy War.
These Vows are *Hermia's*, they belong to her.

Ly. I had no Judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. And now much less, if now you give her o'er.

Ly. *Demetrius* loves her, and loves not you.

Demetrius wakes.

De. Oh *Helena*! Goddess! Angel! all Divine!
To what shall I compare those charming Eyes?
The Stars are dim, Crystal is muddy too.
How ripe, how tempting ripe those Lips appear!
Those two Twin-Cherries kissing as they grow?
The purest Snow holds no comparison,
With that white lovely Breast. O let me kiss
That hand, that hoard of Sweets, that Seal of Bliss.
I am Love's Convert, *Helena*; I see,
And I repent my former Heresie.

Hel. O! utmost spight! I see you all are bent,
All set against me for your merriment.
Can you not hate me? as I know you do;
Must you contrive; and joyn to mock me to?
If you are Men? as Men you are in show,
You wou'd not use a harmless Virgin so;
To vow, and swear, and over-praise each part,
When I am sure you hate me in your Heart.
You both are Rivals, both love *Hermia*,
And now both Rivals to mock *Helena*.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night that from the Eye distinction takes,
The Ear more quick of apprehension makes.
'Twas my Ear guided me to find you-out.

But why, *Lysander*, did you leave me so?

Ly. Impertinent! Love summon'd me to go.

Her. What Love could call *Lysander* from my side?

Ly. The Love of *Helena*, whose brighter Eyes
Darken the Starry Jewels of the Night;
They take from her, not from the Sun their light.

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Oh Heav'n! she's one of the Confederacy;
Injurious *Hermia*! ungrateful Maid!
Have you conspir'd to deride me too?
What though I am not beautiful as you,

Though

Though I am most unhappy in my Love ?
You ought to pity, not despise me for't.
But fare you well ; I know the fault's my own ;
And either Death, or Absence, soon shall end it.

Ly. Stay, lovely Maid ; by Heav'n I swear to thee,
Thou art my Eyes, my Life, my Soul, fair *Helen*.

De. I love thee more, much more than he can do.

Ly. Words, words : let us withdraw, and prove it too.

De. Follow me then.

Her. Hold, hold, *Lysander* ; to what tends all this ?

Ly. Away, you *Ethiop*.

De. Ay, ay, seem to break loose.

Struggle as if you meant to follow me,
But come not. You may let the tame Man go.

Ly. What can I do ? would't have me beat her from me ?
No ; though I hate her, yet I cannot harm her.

Her. How can you do me greater harm than this ?
Hate me ? wherefore ? ah me ! my dearest Love !

Am not I *Hermia* ? are not you *Lysander* ?

Or am I alter'd since you saw me last ?

This night you lov'd me, and this night you fly me.

Have you forsaken me ? (oh Heav'n forbid)

Come tell me truly ; do you hate me now ?

Ly. Ay, by my Life,
And wish I never may behold thee more.

Let this remove all doubt, for nothing's truer,
Than I hate thee, and love fair *Helena*.

Her. O then 'tis you, you Jugler, Canker-blossom,
You Thief of Love, you who have come by Night,
And stoln *Lysander's* Heart.

Hel. Indeed 'tis fine.
Have you no Modesty ? no touch of Shame ?
No Bashfulness ? let not this Pigmie tear
Impatient answers from my milder Tongue.

Her. Pigmie ! why so ? Ay, that way goes the Game.
Now I perceive she has made Comparisons
Between our Statures ; she has urg'd her height,
Her Manly Presence, and tall Personage.
And are you grown so high in his Esteem,
Because I am so Dwarfish, and so low ?

How low am I? thou painted May-Pole, speak.

How low am I?

Ly. Be not afraid, she shall not hurt thee, Sweet.

De. No, Sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. When she is angry, she's a very Shrew:

She was a Vixen when she went to School,

And though she is but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?

'Tis you encourage her t' abuse me thus.

Let me come at her?

Ly. Away, you Dwarf.

De. You are too officious.

Ly. Now she holds me not.

Now follow if thou dar'st; and let us try

Which of has most right to *Helena*.

D Follow? nay I'll go with you; yes, before you. [*Ex. Ly. & De.*]

Her. You Mistress; all this stir is about you.

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I dare not trust you, *Hermia*.

Your hands I know, are quicker for a Fray;

My Legs are longer tho', to run away. [*Ex. Hel. running, and*

Ob. This is thy negligence; still thou mistak'st, (*Her. after her.*)
Or else committ'st thy Knaveries willingly.

Rob. Believe me, King of Shadows, I mistook.

Did you not tell me I should know the Man,

By the Embroider'd Garment he had on?

If he had made to the right Woman court,

We had had no Divertisement, no Sport.

Ob. Thou see'st these Lovers seek a place to fight;

Haste, *Robin*, haste; and overcast the Night.

These furious Rivals you must lead astray,

Be sure they come not in each others way.

Now like *Lyfander*, now *Demetrius*,

Call here and there; mis-lead and tire 'em thus.

Till o'er their Eyes, Death's Counterfeit, sound Sleep,

With Leaden Legs, and Batty Wings shall creep.

Then crush this Herb into *Lyfander's* Eye:

The Liquor has this virtuous property,

It will remove the Errors of this night,

And bring his Eye-Balls to their own true sight.

When

When next they wake, all that has past shall seem
A meer Illusion, a Fairy Dream.

While I in this Affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and get her Indian Boy.
Then from the Charm I will her eye release,
Send home the Clown, and all shall be at peace.

Rob. This must be done with speed, I must not stay,
For with her Dragons Wings Night flies away:
See yonder shines *Aurora's* Harbinger,
At whose approach, Ghosts wandring here and there;
Troop home to Churchyards, Damned Spirits all,
That in Cross-ways and Floods have Burial:
Already to their Wormy-Beds are gone,
For fear Bright Day their shames should look upon.
They wilfully Exile themselves from Light,
And must for ever wander in the Night.

Ob. But we are Spirits of another sort;
Can any where, at any time resort.
I have more work for thee, make no delay,
We must effect this Business yet e're day. [*Ex. Ob.*

Rob. Up and down, up and down, I will lead 'em up and
down. I am fear'd in Field and Town; Goblin lead 'em up
and down, here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Ly. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? answer where?

Rob. Here Villain; drawn, and ready, where art thou?

Ly. I shall be with you straight.

Rob. Follow me then to evener ground. [*Leads Lyfander
out, and returns.*

Enter Lyfander. He leads him in.

Ly. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he calls me, he is gone.
'Tis very dark, the way uneven too;
I'm tyr'd with running, here I'll lay me down,
And wait with patience the approach of day,
Then if I meet him, we will end our Fray.

[*Sleeps.
Enter*

Enter Robin, and Demetrius.

Rob. Speak Coward, answer me; why com'st thou not?

De. Stay Villain, if thou dar'st.

Thou run'st before me, shifting every place.

Stand, if thou art a Man, and meet me fairly.

Where art thou?

Rob. I am here.

De. I see thee not, answer me where?

Rob. Here, here.

De. Now thou derid'st me, thou shalt buy this dear,
When I thy Coward face by day-light see.

My faintness forces me to rest a while,

To measure out my length on this cold ground,

Thou wilt not with the breaking Day be found.

[Sleeps.]

Enter Helena.

Hel. Oh weary, tedious Night abate thy Hours;
Shine from the East that I may fly to Town,
From those who my poor Company detest.
And sleep that sometimes shuts up Sorrows Eye,
Steal me a while from my own Company.

[Sleeps.]

Rob. There's yet but three, come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes peevish and sad.
Cupid is a Knavish Lad,
Thus to make poor Maidens mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never was Maid so weary, and so wrong'd,
Wet with cold Dew, and torn with cruel Briars.
I can scarce crawl, I can no farther go;
My Legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here I will rest the remnant of the Night.
Heav'n guard *Lysander*, if they meet and fight.

[Sleeps.]

Enter

Enter Oberon.

Thou hast perform'd exactly each Command.
Titania too has given me the sweet Boy.
 And now I have him, I will straight undo
 The hated imperfection of her Eyes.
 And gentle Puck, take thou the Asses Head,
 From the transform'd Clown she doated on.
 That he awaking when the others do,
 May with his Fellows to their Homes repair.
 And think no more of this Night's Accidents,
 Than of the fierce vexation of a Dream,
 But first, I will release the *Fairy-Queen*.

*Be, as thou wert wont to be ;
 See, as thou wert wont to see.
 Cinthia's Bud, and Cupid's Flow'r,
 Has such force, and Blessed Pow'r.*

Now my *Titania*, wake.

[*She rises.*

Tit. My *Oberon* ! What Visions have I seen ?
 Methought I was enamour'd of an Ass.

Ob. There lies your Love.

Tit. How came these things to pass ?
 How I detest that hateful Visage now !

Ob. Robin, take from the Fool the Ass's head.

Rob. Hark, thou King of Shadows, hark !
 Sure I hear the morning Lark.

Ob. Let him warble on, I'll stay,
 And bless these Lover's Nuptial Day.

Sleep, happy Lovers, for some Moments, sleep.

Rob. So, when thou wak'st with thy own Fools Eyes, peep:

[*He takes off the Ass's Head.*

Ob. Titania, call for Musick.

Tit. Let us have all Variety of Musick,
 All that should welcome up the rising Sun.

The Scene changes to a Garden of Fountains. A Sonata plays while the Sun rises, it appears red through the Mist, as it ascends it dissipates the Vapours, and is seen in its full Lustre; then the Scene is perfectly discovered, the Fountains enrich'd with gilding, and adorn'd with Statues: The view is terminated by a Walk of Cypress Trees which lead to a delightful Bower. Before the Trees stand rows of Marble Columns, which support many Walks which rise by Stairs to the top of the House; the Stairs are adorn'd with Figures on Pedestals, and Rails; and Balasters on each side of 'em. Near the top, vast Quantities of Water break out of the Hills, and fall in mighty Cascade's to the bottom of the Scene, to feed the Fountains which are on each side. In the middle of the Stage is a very large Fountain, where the Water rises about twelve Foot,

Then the 4 Seasons enter, with their several Attendants.

One of the Attendants begin.

NOW the Night is chac'd away,
All salute the rising Sun;
'Tis the happy, happy Day,
The Birth-Day of King Oberon.

Two others sing in Parts.

(sound,
Let the Fifes, and the Clarions, and shrill Trumpets
And the Arch of high Heav'n the Clangor resound.

A Machine appears, the Clouds break from before it, and Phœbus appears in a Chariot drawn by four Horses; and Sings.

When

When a cruel long Winter has frozen the Earth,
And Nature Imprison'd seeks in vain to be free;
I dart forth my Beams, to give all things a Birth,
Making Spring for the Plants, every Flower, and each
(Tree.

'Tis I who give Life, Warmth, and Being to all,
Even Love who rules all things in Earth, Air, and
(Sea;
Would languish, and fade, and to nothing would fall,
The World to its Chaos would return, but for me.

Chorus.

*Hail! Great Parent of us all,
Light and Comfort of the Earth;
Before thy Shrine the Seasons fall,
Thou who givest all Beings Birth.*

Spring.

Thus the ever Grateful Spring,
Does her yearly Tribute bring;
All your Sweets before him lay,
Then round his Altar Sing, and Play.

Summer.

Here's the Summer, Sprightly, Gay,
Smiling, Wanton, Fresh, and Fair;
G Adorn'd

The Fairy-Queen.

Adorn'd with all the Flowers of May,
Whose various Sweets perfume the Air.

Autumn.

See my many Colour'd Fields,
And loadèd Trees my Will obey;
All the Fruit that Autumn yields,
I offer to the God of Day.

Winter.

Now Winter comes Slowly, Pale, Meager, and
Old,
First trembling with Age, and then quiv'ring with
Cold;
Benum'd with hard Frosts, and with Snow cover'd
o're,
Prays the SUN to Restore him, and Sings as
before.

Chorus.

Hail Great Parent, &c.

A DANCE of the Four Seasons.

Ob. Now my Puck this Herb apply
To the Mistaken Lover's Eye;
The powerful Juice will clear his Sight,
Make 'em Friends, and set all right.

Tit. Come, my Lord, and tell me how
How I sleeping here was found,
With these Mortals, on the Ground.

[*Ex. All but Puck.*
Rob.

Rob. On the Ground, sleeping sound,
I apply to your eye, gentle Lover, Remedy.
When thou wak'st, then thou tak'st
True Delight in thy former Lady's sight;
And the Country Proverb known,
That every Man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.
Jack shall have *Gill*, nought shall go ill,
The Man shall have his Mare again, and all shall be well.

[*Exit.*

A C T V.

Enter Duke, Egeus, and Train.

Du. **G**O one of you, find out the Forrester,
I long to hear the Musick of my Hounds,
They shall uncouple in the Western Vally.

Eg. I mark'd it lately, 'twas a gallant chiding,
Beside the Groves, the Hills, and distant Vales,
The Skies, the Fountains, every Region near,
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So Musical a discord; such sweet Thunder.

Du. My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind;
So flew'd, so fanded; and their Heads are hung,
With Ears that sweep away the morning-dew!
Crook-kneed, and Dew-lapt, like *Theſſalian* Bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in Mouth like Bells,
Each under each; a cry more tunable,
Was never hollow'd too, nor cheer'd with Horn!
Judg when you hear. But soft, what Nymphs are these?

Eg. My Leigh, this is my Daughter here asleep!
And this *Lysander*; this *Demetrius*!
This *Helena*, how came they here together?

Du. No doubt,
They rose to grace our Solemn Hunting here.
But speak, *Egeus*, is not this the Day,
Hermia should give her answer?

Eg. It is my Leige.

Du. Go bid the Huntsmen wake 'em with their Musick.

A Composition in imitation of Hunting, at the end of it a Shout, the Lovers wake.

Good morrow friends; Saint *Valentines* is past,
How came these Wood-birds but to couple now?

Ly. Pardon me, gracious Sir,

Du. Stand up, *Lysander*.

I know you two are Rival Enemies,
How comes this noble Concord in the World?
That hatred is so far from Jealousie,
To sleep by hate?

Ly. Sir I shall answer you amazedly,
I do not sleep, yet scarce am half awake,
I do not truly know how I came hither!
But as I think (for I would truly speak)
Yes, now I think I can remember it,
Hither I came with beauteous *Hermia*,
Our intent was to fly from hence, and so
Evade the danger of your Cruel Law.

Eg. Enough (most Noble Duke) he owns enough:
I ask your Justice for this breach of Law.
They would have stol'n away; they would *Demetrius*.
They meant to have defeated you, and me;
You of your Wife, and me of my Consent.

De. All this fair *Helen* told me, my good Lord;
And hither I in Fury follow'd 'em;
Hither, the too kind *Helen* follow'd me:
And here, by some strange pow'r (I know not how)
My Love to *Hermia* melted like the Snow:
And now she seems but as an idle Toy,
Which in my Infancy I doted on:
And all my Faith, the Vertue of my Heart,
Joy of my Life, and Pleasure of my Eye,
Is only *Helena's*. I was (my Lord)
Betroth'd to her, e're I saw *Hermia*:
But then, my sickly Palate loath'd its Food.
Now I'm in Health, come to my Natural taste;

And

And now I wish, I love, I long for it ;
And will be ever true to *Helena*.

Du. Then we came hither in a happy time :
Egeus, I must over-rule your Will ;
For in the Temple, when our Hunting's done,
These Lovers shall eternally be joyn'd.

Egeus. I will be a Father too,
And give air *Helen* to *Demetrius*,
Then feast these Lovers most Royally away [*Ex. all but the Lovers.*

Ly. How have I dream'd, and thought I was awake ?
And now I am awake, think I dream still.

Hel. I never was so happy when awake :
Nay, pray, disturb me not ; let me dream on,

De. These things seem strange, and undistinguishable,
Like Mountains far, far off turn'd into Clouds.

Her. Methinks I see 'em with a parted Eye,
Where every thing seems double.

Hel. I think so too :
'And I have found *Demetrius* like a Jewel
Long sought for, hardly credited when found.

De. Pray Heaven we dream not still.
Did you not think the Duke himself was here ?

Her. Yes, and my Father.

Hel. And bid us follow him.

Ly. Ay, to the Temple.

Hel. And said he'd give me to *Demetrius*.
And feast us Royally.

Ly. Nay, then we are awake ; let's follow him.
And as we go, let us recount our Dreams.

[*Exeunt.*

[*A noise of Hunting at a distance, Bottom wakes.*

Bot. When my Cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
My next is——most fair *Pyramus*——hey, ho ! *Peter Quince*,
Snout the Tinker, *Starveling* ? 'Ods my life, stoln hence, and
left me asleep. I have had a most rare Vision. I had a
Dream, past the Wit of Man to say what Dream it was ; Man
is but an Ass, if he go about to expound this Dream : Me-
thought I was ! no Man can tell what. Methought I was,
and methought I had——but that Man is an arrant Fool, who
will offer to say what methought I had. I will get *Peter*
Quince to write a Ballad of this Dream ; it shall be called *Bot-*
tom's

tom's Dream, because it has no bottom; And I will sing it myself, at the latter end of our Play, before the Duke.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, Starveling.

Qu. I have sought far and near, and cannot find him.

St. So have I. Out of doubt he is Translated.

Qu. If we find him not, our Play is marr'd; it cannot be done without him: He has simply the best Wit of any Handicraft Man in the whole Town.

Qu. Yes, and the best Person too: then he is a very Raven for a sweet Voice.

Enter Snug.

Sn. O Masters! the Duke's going to the Temple! the Lords and the Ladies are to be Married this Morning. If our Play had gone forward, we had been all made Men.

Snout. Ah sweet Bully Bottom; thou hast lost God knows what. An the Duke had not given him God knows what for Playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd.

Bot. O are you here? my Lads, my hearts of Iron?

Qu. He's here! he's here! *Bottom's* here! O most courageous day! O happy day!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders to you, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true man. For I will tell every thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let us hear it then, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word, all I will tell you is, Get your Apparel together, good strings to your Beards, new Ribbons, Powder, and Wash, and meet presently at the Palace. Our Play shall be prefer'd. Let *Thisbe* have clean Linnen, and let not him that Plays the Lion, pare his Nails; they shall hang out for the Lion's Claws. And let no man eat Onions, or Garlick, for we must utter most sweet breath. No more words; but away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Duke, Egeus, Lovers, and Attendants.

Eg. Are not these Stories strange, my Gracious Lord?

Du. More strange than true. I never could believe, These Antick Fables, nor these Fairy toys. Lovers, and Lunaticks have pregnant brains. They in a moment by strong fancy see More than cool reason e're could comprehend.

The Poet, with the mad-man may be joyn'd.
He's of imagination all made up,
And see's more Devils, than all Hell can hold.
Can make a *Venus* of an *Ethiop*.
And as imagination rolls about,
He gives the airy Fantasm's of his Brain,
A Local habitation, and a name.
And so these Lovers, wandring in the night,
Through unfrequented ways, brim full of fear,
How easie is a Bush suppos'd a Bear!

[While a short Symphony Plays, Enter Oberon, Titania,
Robin-Good-fellow, and all the Fayries.

I hear strange Musick warbling in the Air.

Ob. 'Tis Fairy Musick, sent by me;
To cure your Incredulity.
All was true the Lovers told,
You shall stranger things behold.
Mark the wonders shall appear,
While I feast your eye and ear.

Du. Where am I? does my sense inform me right?
Or is my hearing better than my sight?

Tit. When to Parlors we retire,
And Dance before a dying fire.

Ob. Or when by night near Woods, or Streams,
We wanton by the Moons pale beams.
Then gross shades, and twinkling light,
Expose our Shapes to mortal sight.
But in the bright and open day,
When in Sol's Glorious beams we play,
Our bodies are, in that fierce light,
Too thin and pure for humane sight.

Tit. Sir, then cast your eyes above:
See the Wife of mighty Jove.

Juno appears in a Machine drawn by Peacocks.

Ob. Juno, who does still preside,
Over the Sacred Nuptial Bed,
Comes to bless their days and nights,
With all true joys, and chaste delights.

While a Symphony Plays, the Machine moves forward, and the Pea-
cocks spread their Tails; and fill the middle of the Theater.

JUNO

JUNO Sings.

THrice happy Lovers, may you be
 For ever, ever free,
 From that tormenting Devil, Jealousie.
 From all that anxious Care and Strife,
 That attends a married Life:
 Be to one another true,
 Kind to her as she to you.
 And since the Errors of this Night are past,
 May he be ever Constant, she be ever Chast.

The Machine ascends.

Ob. Now my gentle Puck, away,
 Haste, and over-cast the Day.
 Let thick Darkness all around,
 Cover that Spot of Fairy Ground;
 That so the gloomy Shades of Night
 May usher in a glorious Light.

*While the Scene is darken'd, a single Entry is danced;
 Then a Symphony is play'd; after that the Scene is
 suddainly Illuminated, and discovers a transparent
 Prospect of a Chinese Garden, the Architecture, the
 Trees, the Plants, the Fruit, the Birds, the Beasts
 quite different from what we have in this part of
 the World. It is terminated by an Arch, through
 which is seen other Arches with close Arbors, and a
 row of Trees to the end of the View. Over it is a
 hanging Garden, which rises by several ascents to the
 top of the House; it is bounded on either side with
 pleasant*

pleasant Bowers, various Trees, and numbers of strange Birds flying in the Air, on the Top of a Platform is a Fountain, throwing up Water, which falls into a large Basin.

A Chinese Enters and Sings.

THus the gloomy World
At first began to shine,
And from the Power Divine
A Glory round it hurl'd;
Which made it bright,
And gave it Birth in light.
Then were all Minds as pure,
As those Etherial Streams;
In Innocence secure,
Not Subject to Extreams.
There was no Room for empty Fame,
No cause for Pride, Ambition wanted aim.

A Chinese Woman Sings.

THus Happy and Free,
Thus treated are we
With Nature's chiefest Delights.

Chorus. Thus happy, &c.

We never cloy
But renew our Joy,
And one Bliss another Invites.

Chorus. We never, &c.

The Fairy-Queen.

Thus wildly we live,
 Thus freely we give,
 What Heaven as freely bestows.

Chorus. Thus wildly, &c.

We were not made
 For Labour and Trade,
 Which Fools on each other impose.

Chorus. We were not &c.

A Chinese Man Sings.

YE S, Xanfi, in your Looks I find
 The Charms by which my Heart's betray'd;
 Then let not your Disdain unbind
 The Prisoner that your Eyes have made.

She that in Love makes least Defence,
 Wounds ever with the surest Dart;
 Beauty may captivate the Sence,
 But Kindness only gains the Heart.

Six Monkeys come from between the Trees, and Dance.

Two Women Sing in Rants.

1 Wo. **H**Ark how all Things with one Sound rejoyce,
 And the World seems to have one Voice.

2 Wo. Hark how the Echoing Air a Triumph Sings,
 And all around pleas'd Cupids clap their Wings.

1 Wo. Sure the dull God of Marriage does not hear;
 We'll rouse him with a Chorus. Hymen appear!

Chorus. Appear! Hymen appear!

Both. Our Queen of Night commands you not to stay.

Chorus. Our Queen, &c.

Enter

Enter Hymen.

Hy. See, see, I obey:
My Torch has long been out; I hate
On loose dissembled Vows to wait.
Where hardly Love out-lives the Wedding-Night,
False Flames, Love's Meteors, yield my Torch no Light.

Six Pedestals of China-work rise from under the Stage; they
support six large Vases of Porcelain, in which are six China-
Orange-trees.

Both Wo. Turn then thy Eyes upon those Glories there,
And Catching Flames will on thy Torch appear.

Hy. My Torch, indeed, will from such Brightness shine:
Love ne'er had yet such Altars, so divine.

The Pedestals move toward the Front of the Stage, and the
Grand Dance begins of Twenty four Persons; then Hymen
and the Two Women sing together.

They shall be as happy as they're fair;
Love shall fill all the Places of Care:
And every time the Sun shall display
His Rising Light,
It shall be to them a new Wedding-Day;
And when he sets, a new Nuptial-Night.

A Chinese Man and Woman dance.

The Grand Cha. They shall be, &c.

All the Dancers join in it.

Ob. At Dead of Night we'll to the Bride-bed come,
And sprinkle hallow'd Dew-drops round the Room.

Tit. We'll drive the Fume about, about,
To keep all Noxious Spirits out:
That the Issue they create,
May be ever fortunate.

Ob.

Ob. Stay; let us not, like very foolish Elves,
Take care of others, and neglect our selves.
If these should be offended, we are lost;

And all our Hopes, and future Fortunes cross'd.

Tit. It is below the Fairy-Queen to fear.
Look there: Can there be any Danger near,
When Conquering Beauty fills that Heavenly Spear?

Ob. But here are Wits, and Criticks! and 'tis said,
Their Adders Tongues can sting, or hit us dead.

Tit. Away: Let not the Name of Wits alarm us;
They are so very few, they cannot harm us.

Ob. Consider; Sharpers, Beau's, the very Cits,
All either are, or else they would be Wits.

Tit. Well, let 'em all be Wits; and if they shou'd
Blast us, or nip us in the very Bud,
The Loss will be their own another Day.
Are we not in a very hopeful Way
To make 'em all amends--- if they will stay.

Ob. They are impatient, and their Stomachs keen;
They will not be post-pon'd, 'tis you're Fifteen.

Tit. Well, If their Appetites so fiercely crave,
We'll give 'em all the Ready that we have.

First, Losing Gamesters, Poets, Railing Wits;
Some Basset-Ladies, and all Broken Cits;

(Who live by what from others they purloyn)

We'll lend 'em mighty Sums--- in Fairy-Coin.

Ob. Ladies in Dreams shall have their Fortunes told;
The Young shall dream of Husbands, and the Old
Their Youthful Pleasures shall each Night repeat.

Tit. Green-Sickness Girls, who nautiate wholesom Meat,
How they their Parents, and themselves may cheat.

Ob. Widows, who were by former Husbands vex'd,
Shall dream how they may over-reach the next.

Tit. Each separate Lady, to supply her Want,
Shall every Night dream of a new Gallant.

Ob. Those Beau's, who were, at Nurse, chang'd by my Elves.

Tit. Shall dream of nothing, but their pretty selves.

Ob. We'll try a Thousand charming Ways to win ye.

Tit. If all this will not do, the Devil's in ye.

